Ly bliſtring fore the viſitating Sunne,
And were good Kings, when living.
Theſ. It is true. and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves:
The which to doe, muſt make ſome worke with *Creon*;
1. *Qu.* And that worke preſents it ſelfe to'th doing:
Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow.
Then, booteles toyle muſt recompence it ſelfe,
With it's owne ſweat; Now he's ſecure,
Not dreames, we ſtand before your puiſſance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition cleere.
2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,
Drunke with his victory.
3. *Qu.* And his Army full
Of Bread, and ſloth.
Theſ. *Arteſius* that beſt knoweſt
How to draw out fit to this enterpriſe,
The prim'ſt for this proceeding, and the number
To carry ſuch a buſineſſe, forth and levy
Our worthieſt Inſtruments, whilſt we deſpatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deede
Of Fate in wedlocke.
1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay
Commends us to a famiſhing hope.
All. Farewell.
2. *Qu.* We come unſeaſonably: But when could greefe
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'ſt time
For beſt ſolicitation.
Theſ. Why good Ladies,
This is a ſervice, whereto I am going;
Greater then any was; it more imports me
Then all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming
Our ſuit ſhall be neglected, when her Armes
Able to locke *Iove* from a Synod, ſhall

By warranting Moone-light corſlet thee, oh when
Her twyning Cherries ſhall their ſweetnes fall
Vpon thy taſtefull lips, what wilt thou thinke
Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what care
For what thou feelſt not? what thou feelſt being able
To make *Mars* ſpurne his Drom. O if thou couch
But one night with her, every howre in't will
Take hoſtage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou ſhalt remember nothing more, then what
That Banket bids thee too.
Hip. Though much unlike
You ſhould be ſo tranſported, as much ſorry
I ſhould be ſuch a Suitour; yet I thinke
Did I not by th'abſtayning of my joy
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their ſurfeit
That craves a preſent medcine, I ſhould plucke
All Ladies ſcandall on me. Therefore Sir
As I ſhall here make tryall of my prayres,
Either preſuming them to have ſome force,
Or ſentencing for ay their vigour dombe,
Prorogue this buſines, we are going about, and hang
Your Sheild afore your Heart, about that necke
Which is my ffee, and which I freely lend
To doe theſe poore Queenes ſervice.
All Queens. Oh helpe now
Our Cauſe cries for your knee.
Emil. If you grant not
My Siſter her petition in that force,
With that Celerity, and nature which
Shee makes it in: from henceforth ile not dare
To aske you any thing, nor be ſo hardy
Ever to take a Husband.
Theſ. Pray ſtand up.
I am entreating of my ſelfe to doe
That which you k neele to have me; *Pyrithous*
Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods
For ſucceſſe, and returne, omit not any thing
In the pretended Celebration: Queenes